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Micro Fiction (202 Words)

Two Crazy Creatures

Some guy named Damien followed her to the Chanel counter and promised a 2026 fully electric Ferrari SUV if she'd cook him some dinner over fire. Late that night they vastly engaged caviar of the highest cost, ever.

The boulevards in München showed sparks from her heels. And a neon pink shadow.

Clearly these two people came from the peppermint chrome starship parked near the ice cream place, with their ride taking far too much room on the intersection.

A sign nearby shows from a funny blue wall: *Dragon / Tequila / Tea*.

Hey this close to Emilia Clarke's 40th, very appropriate he'd buy her a Dave Hargrave "Night Dragon" for rides at 3AM. With far out prismatic eyes. And black shadow scales.

The guy's three-stripe drink (red orange gold) quickly jumps one hand to another...but not his personal hand, unfortunately. Oh, dear. Blame triple tequila sunrise, right? With Luxardo marasca, quite likely.

Then he tried to order a little Oliver Pluff Scottish Breakfast with and for Her Majesty, but she sort of immediately left the room. His Apple Watch did a big ol' question mark as result.

Secrets of the evening went on and on. With a glow. Near the starship.

End.